

THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. III.

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No. 11.

MY NEIGHBOR OVER THE WAY.

I have a neighbor, a legal man,
We meet on the sidewalk every day;
He is shrewd to argue, and scheme, and plan,
Is my legal neighbor over the way;
He talks, perhaps, a trifle too much—
But he knows such a vast deal more than I;
We have in our village a dozen such,
Who do no labor—the Lord knows why.
But they eat and drink of the very best,
And the cloth that they wear is soft and fine,
And they have more money than all the rest,
With handsome houses and plate, and wine.
I ponder at times, when tired and lame,
How strangely the gifts of fortune fall;
And wonder if we are not to blame
Who have so little, yet pay for all.
Alas, for the workers throughout the land,
Who labor and watch, but wait too long,
Who wear the vigor of brain or hand,
In trifling pleasures, and drink and song!
But my neighbor is one who understands
All social riddles; and he explains
That some must labor with callous hands.
While others may work with tongue and brains.
Though he doesn't make it so very clear,
Why he should fare much better than one
Who does more work in a single year
Than he in all of his life has done!
But he argues me out of all demur,
With logic that fogs my common sense;
And I think of the old philosopher
Whose "shingle" hangs by the garden fence.

—The Aldine.

AMOS KENDALL.

III.

DEACON KENDALL had become desirous to give his son Amos a liberal education; but his own means were not equal to such an expenditure. He, however, told his son that if he was disposed to go to college, and fit himself for a professional life, he would aid him to the extent of his ability. Having no predilection for any profession, and, knowing that his life must be one of toil, Amos would have been content to be a farmer; but his love of knowledge induced him to avail himself of his father's kind offer.

His first object was to fit himself with all possible economy for teaching school, in order that he might, by his own earnings, eke out his father's scanty allowance. He had already made good progress in arithmetic and English grammar, when, in the fall of 1804, his father closed a bargain with the preacher of the parish, according to which Amos was to live with the preacher during the winter, cut his firewood, take care of his horse and cattle, etc., and in return should receive instruction in the above-named branches. This turned out to be a most disagreeable and unprofitable arrangement. The preacher was morose, indolent, and thoroughly selfish. His sole study seemed to be to receive from Amos as much labor, and give in return as little instruction as possible.

But this was not all; the housework of the family was done by an orphan girl about Amos's own age who had been intrusted to the care of the preacher's wife by her dying father. She was remarkably kind and amiable in her disposition, and, as far as he could judge, inoffensive in her conversation. Yet, upon the allegation that she had told falsehoods about family affairs to some of the

neighbors, she was prohibited from visiting or speaking to any one out of the family, or holding any conversation with visitors except in the presence of the preacher or of his wife or his wife's mother. For the most trivial things she was incessantly scolded, and sometimes threatened even with horsewhipping. Amos sincerely pitied the girl, while he learned to hate and despise her tyrants, and he became the bearer of correspondence between her and her old associates in the outer world.

He was himself thoroughly homesick; but he was afraid to complain to his father, who was one of the deacons of the church, and appeared to have perfect confidence in his pastor. He therefore made the best of his uncomfortable position, and endured it until he was called home in the spring of 1805.

Sometime in the next summer his father asked him whether, while at the preacher's, he had been the bearer of any letters to his housemaid from the neighboring girls. He replied that he had; and not waiting for reproof, if any was intended, proceeded to tell his father how the girl was treated, and added that he had carried the letter in pure compassion, and would do the same again under like circumstances. His father was silent, but afterwards asked his son whether he would like to live with the preacher again the next winter. To this the son replied, that, if kept at work all day and furnished with a light at night, he could learn more at home than he could at the preacher's. The subject was never mentioned again.

In the fall of 1805, he became for about eleven weeks a pupil in the academy at New Ipswich, N. H. He boarded at the house of his brother Samuel, who lived a mile and a half from the academy, went thither to dinner every day, and paid for his board by work on his brother's farm evening and morning. The expense to his father was twenty cents a week for tuition, and about six dollars in all for books.

This may be considered Amos Kendall's first entrance upon the theater of the great world, and the opening scenes were by no means agreeable to him. Having been raised, thus far, among plain farmers, he had little knowledge of human nature, and none of the habits and humors of the more cultivated classes of society. Conscious of his own deficiencies, he looked upon every one as his superior, and was confused at the slightest incident or remark which could be construed as a disparaging reference to himself. Noting his sensitiveness, some of the boys took pleasure in annoying him by criticisms on his person and manners, against which his diffidence rendered him entirely defenceless. The discomforts of his situation were aggravated by the injudicious, or it may have been wanton conduct of his preceptor. Before he had a chance to witness the performances of the other pupils, he was required to speak a piece of his own selection before the school. Receiving no instruction as to the length and character of the piece suited to the occasion, he committed to memory a long oration which he found in one of his school-books.

At the time of the performance he took his position, fixed his eyes upon the other side of the room, and repeated the whole oration without moving hand or foot. For this he was ridiculed unmercifully by his preceptor, and to such an extent was the ridicule carried, that resentment took the place of mortification in the bosom of the young orator. He resolved to show his persecutors that he could overcome the difficulties under which he labored,—and he did.

ORATION.

DELIVERED AT THE FIFTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES, BY J. R. BURNET, M. A.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—There are men, esteemed, learned, wise and benevolent, who disapprove of such conventions as this, in fact of all assemblages of deaf-mutes. In their view, such gatherings promote a clannish spirit, and tend still more to make of the deaf and dumb a class apart. They would have you associate only with those who hear and speak, forgetting or being unable to understand that deaf-mutes can never mingle with those who hear and speak on terms of equality. Even when you can read on the lips, as a few of you can, this mode of intercourse will never enable you to share in the general conversation of a social circle, much less to follow the speakers at a public meeting. Articulation and labial reading are certainly valuable accomplishments, but they leave the deaf-mute who has devoted years of labor to their acquisition still as deaf and dumb as before, in all public gatherings. Their value is in the intercourse with one's own family and intimate friends; and in moments of emergency time may be saved when time is precious by the utterance of a few words orally, as, for instance, at a railroad ticket-office, or in asking the way of an unlettered countryman. With friends expert in the use of the manual alphabet you can converse as readily and with far greater certainty of being understood than by the lips; but you will often have occasion to exchange a few words with people who cannot speak or read the fingers, an occasion when writing would be too slow or too inconvenient, and on such occasions the value of articulation and labial reading is felt. Yet, if you have no skill in those modes of communication, you can often make yourself sufficiently understood by gestures.

Some enthusiastic advocates of articulation, with much more zeal than knowledge, affirm that all, or nearly all, the deaf and dumb can become so proficient in lip-reading that they can attend church and gather at least the general outline of the sermon from the lips of the preacher. They have not learned what are the natural limitations to the ability to read on the lips. All deaf-mutes do not possess the power of eye and quickness of perception necessary to a successful reader of the lips; and those who are most skillful require a good light, a fair view of the face of the person speaking and a distance seldom exceeding two yards. To this must be added, in many cases, a previous familiarity with the peculiar labial movements of the speaker. Owing chiefly to the distance, and to the difficulty of getting a full view of the speaker's lips, no deaf-mute, even in Germany, can follow a public speaker. The wonderful stories we sometimes read of a deaf person sitting in church and following his pastor's sermon by the movements of the lips are in part wild exaggeration, and so far as true depend partly on a perspicuity of eye as rare as Paul Morphy's faculty of playing eight or ten games of chess at once without seeing the boards, and partly on the deaf person occupying from week to week a favorable seat and being familiar with the facial expression, lip movement and general style of preaching of his own pastor. In another church, or with another preacher, he would be unable to distinguish a sentence. The deaf and dumb, however well educated, being thus utterly unable to take part in the social gatherings and public meetings of those who hear, except as mere spectators, to whom some kind friend, with a pencil or by the manual alphabet, may impart a very scanty and imperfect outline of the proceedings, either must forego such social and intellectual feasts, or enjoy them in their own way by means of their very graphic and eloquent language of signs.

Our critics do not understand that it is by means of the language of pantomime, and by that alone, that the deaf can feel the electric influence of mind on mind that makes the attraction of all gatherings of men and women. Graphic descriptions, mirth-provoking

sallies, thrilling narratives, eloquent appeals, enforced by the magnetism of personal presence—all that most powerfully stir the blood, enlarge the understanding, elevate the soul, and lift a whole assembly in sympathy with some master mind, into the higher regions of eloquence or of devotion—all this the deaf and dumb must either forego, or enjoy them through the medium of their own language of signs. How cold and dead to them are words, written, spelled, or even read on the lips, compared with the graphic power and living eloquence of pantomime. And through this medium alone can the more gifted and intelligent among them cultivate their talents whether for narrative, exhortation or debate.

Moreover such conventions as these give occasion to renew old friendships and form new ones. Class-mates and school-mates meet after long separation, and see with pleasure tokens of industry, good management and a wise enjoyment of life in each other. And we meet in such occasions people of whom we have often heard but might otherwise never see.

Such meetings as this, when well conducted, supply food for reflection and meditation that may relieve many an hour of that loneliness which is so often the lot of the deaf, solitary, as many of them are, among those who hear. I trust all of you may here gain ennobling views of your aims in life and feel strengthened for the performance of your duties.

It must be admitted that similar conventions in the past have had their dark side, as most other things in this world have. There have been men who have made them the occasion of riotous self-indulgence, bringing disgrace justly on themselves and unjustly on the deaf-mute community. Let us all resolve that we will have no part nor lot in any disorderly proceedings, and especially will shun the intoxicating glass. Having, by assembling here in this public manner, invited the world to look on and see what education has done for the deaf and dumb, surely you will feel bound to offer such a spectacle as the world can contemplate with unmixed approbation.

Permit me to say a few words on the great importance to your health, comfort and morals of habits of strict temperance. In certain circumstances deaf-mute young men seem peculiarly exposed to temptation. For instance, when a deaf-mute appears at a public house, his peculiar modes of communication usually excite interest and curiosity, and some of those present are apt to show their feeling for his sad calamity by inviting him to drink. When an appetite for alcoholic stimulants is once formed, it too often gets entire control of the unhappy man, and wrecks his prospects for this world and the next. The only safety is in entire abstinence except by order of a judicious physician, and it is more prudent for deaf-mutes than for other young men to shun saloons and bar-rooms, for as they cannot take part in the conversation, about all they can do in such places is to drink and to afford amusement to the unthinking by their pantomime. Self-respect and prudence should keep you from such places.

Look around you and mark the bloated features, inflamed eyes, shaking hand and tottering step of the confirmed victim of alcohol. Remember that no man willingly became a drunkard, or reached this depth of degradation all at once. All began with a social glass now and then. Slowly they drifted towards the vortex of intemperance. Once involved in that fatal maelstrom, the victim tramples on all human ties, all divine warnings, to indulge the o'ermastering appetite. Be warned in time, and tempt not this treacherous current. Better be dashed down the great cataract, and remembered with respect and affection, than be wrecked body and soul in the frightful vortex of intemperance, living a shame and grief to your connections, dying remembered only as an affliction and a warning.

Another point I wish to urge on you is to have a fixed home. Too many of the deaf and dumb, on some small occasion for dis-

content, leave their old associations and seek a new home and a new occupation. It is a true saying that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." For a deaf-mute, a removal is worse than for those who hear, inasmuch as he goes from among those who have learned by the experience of years to communicate readily with him and to make allowances for his peculiarities; and will probably have the task, in his new home, to teach all his new neighbors to understand and converse readily with him. This, however, is not the case when one deaf-mute removes into the neighborhood where another intelligent and active deaf-mute has for some time been settled, and if in other respects the new comer finds a good opening, such a removal may be for his advantage.

But, as a general rule, I would advise you to stay among your own kindred, and if you have inherited a farm, hold on to it, and do your best to improve it. Take my assurance, and I but repeat what has been said by good and wise men for thousands of years; the happiest life is that of a farmer who is careful, industrious, and skilled in his business, who can raise on his own land enough for his wants, and who is free from debt.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire.
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

To be a farmer, however, one must have a farm and farm stock, requiring considerable capital. You can be a mechanic on no other capital than your own skill and muscles and a few tools. If you are a mechanic, remember that what you save makes you prosperous, and will enable you to lay up a comfortable provision for sickness and old age. Hence the two golden rules, "Never spend more than you earn," and "Never be tempted to leave a good place by the prospect of higher wages, till you are sure both of steady employment and that your expenses in the new place will not be also much higher." In a city, for example, you may earn more than in a village, but you will certainly spend more, and will be more liable to temptation and to interruptions of labor by ill-health and by the changes of trade. The social privileges and luxuries of a city tempt too many deaf-mutes to prefer a city residence; but you will find that those who remain in the country will, in most cases, enjoy more permanent health and comfort.

Whether you are a farmer, mechanic, teacher or clerk, try to be one of the best in your business. A good workman is almost always sure to get work, at least in any place where his ability is known. A poor workman will always find it hard to get work. It is only by steady application that you can become skillful.

I have laid down as one of the golden rules for securing comfort and competence that you should limit your expenses so as to be within your income. The best way of doing this is to pay as you go. By dealing for cash you will generally save from five to twenty-five per cent on the cost of the goods, and you will make sure not to spend more than you earn, as those who buy on credit are apt to do. For when people get in the habit of buying on credit, they are very apt to buy many things which it seems pleasant to have, but which they could easily do without, and these little expenses often make all the difference between thriving and growing poorer. The man or the family that saves each week even a few cents will year by year increase in comfort and at last become rich. That was the way the beginning of the great Astor estate, and of many other great estates, was made. Those, on the other hand, who spend each week even a few cents more than their earnings, will be perpetually in trouble, and will grow poorer and poorer till they end their career in the alms-house.

While I am proffering good advice, permit me to say a few words on a subject of interest to all the sons and daughters of him whose Maker said: "It is not good for man to be alone." There are cold-blooded philosophers who hold that the deaf and dumb should not think of marriage by law. Of course these philosophers are among those who ignorantly place the deaf and dumb among the blind, lame, and otherwise helpless classes of the community.

All of you, I am sure, feel the ability to support yourselves by your own labor; and if you, are also able, as many, if not all of you are, to support a family, there is no reason why you should not have a home and a family of your own. The wise and good John Quincy Adams, in his old age, delivered a lecture to young men, embracing the results of his great experience in the means of securing a happy life, which he thus summed up:

One fixed home.

One steady occupation.

One wedded partner for life.

Among the reasons in favor of marriage are that it promotes industry, prompts to economy, prolongs life by securing tender care in sickness, and by removing those sensual temptations which so often lead to waste, disease, and early death.

Of course no man should think of marrying who cannot earn enough to support a family, nor any woman who is not capable of making a home comfortable and pleasant. It is the plain dictate of wisdom that no young man, whether deaf or not, should think of marriage till he has tested his ability to support a family by laying up from his earnings at least a few hundred dollars. And no parent should countenance the addresses to his daughter of an intemperate, wandering, thriftless young man, whether deaf or not, and no girl of sense would listen to such suitors. On the other hand, if the candidate for matrimony has proved the possession of life, his being deaf and dumb should be no objection.

The choice of a wife is proverbially difficult. It is so natural for young women to look and act their best in the presence of young men, that suitors often believe they have found paragons, and become unpleasantly disenchanted after marriage. The best advice I can give is to seek for a pleasant temper, an affectionate heart and industrious disposition, rather than a beautiful face or a shining intellect.

The result of statistics, carefully collected, is that when two congenital mutes marry, the chance that they must have deaf-mute children is much greater than in the case of the marriage of a deaf-mute with one not deaf from birth. As all of you who desire to have children as a help and comfort in your declining years would wish much rather to have children who hear and speak, it is therefore evidently wise for those young men who are deaf-mute from birth to seek rather partners who are not congenitally deaf. I know there are many cases in which a couple, both deaf from birth, have several children blessed with all their faculties; but you all know quite a number of cases in which the misfortune of deafness is transmitted from parents to children, and these cases, with a few exceptions, are among those in which both parents are congenitally deaf.

When we look around on this assemblage of intelligent, respectable, thriving, and, I trust, happy men and women, and reflect, by comparison with the uneducated mutes we know, what they would have been had Clerc and Gallaudet never brought the art of deaf-mute instruction across the Atlantic; and had my venerable friend so lately gone from among us, and the good men who were his co-laborers not devoted their great talents and influence to build up our own institution, I trust you will all feel with me what a debt of gratitude the deaf and dumb of this country owe to the memory of those eminent teachers now gone to their reward.

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THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 1, 1873.

READ Mr. Burnet's oration. Read it more than once; read it half a dozen times. Then ponder it over; and take home to yourselves the advice which he gives. Finally, *act on it*.

WE wish it clearly understood that THE SILENT WORLD is in no sense the "official organ" of the faculty of the National Deaf-Mute College. The articles that appear in its editorial departments are never inspired by any one not directly connected with the paper. The editors alone are responsible for the opinions expressed editorially. We make this statement in justice to the college, for we are aware that the members of the faculty radically disagree with us on many points that have been presented by THE SILENT WORLD.

THOUGH badly fleeced, our New York correspondent was more fortunate in his visit to Niagara than tourists usually are. People who can hear, we have been told, are obliged to stuff their ears with cotton when within ten miles of the Falls, in order to shut out the sound. Otherwise a man comes around on their arrival and charges them two dollars apiece for the privilege of hearing the roar of the falling waters. Being deaf, *u.* and his companions had nothing to do but complacently lean back in their seats and watch their fellow-passengers manipulate their cotton.

THE MANHATTAN DEAF-MUTE LITERARY ASSOCIATION had a largely attended and spirited meeting in the Sunday school-room of St. Ann's Church, New York, on Thursday evening, the 18th ult. Messrs. Dunlap, Russell, Witschief, Fernsheim, and McClellan, the committee appointed at a previous meeting, to make arrangements for the Gallaudet Memorial Festival, presented their report. After a lengthy debate it was decided to have the festival at Central Park Garden, on Wednesday evening, December 10th, being the eighty-sixth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, LL.D. We understand that efforts are being made to induce the Rev. W. W. Turner, of Hartford, Conn.; the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet and Dr. Peet, of New York, and others to be present at the festival, and deliver short addresses. These addresses will take up but one hour of the evening, and the remainder of the night will be devoted to social pleasures. An energetic committee has charge of the affair; the hall is already engaged; tickets will be sold at a low figure, and there is promise of a large and intelligent gathering in honor of the founder of the education of deaf-mutes in this country. Half of the proceeds, arising from the sale of tickets, will be devoted to the support of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes; and for this reason we urge the attendance of a large number of deaf-mutes who reside out of New York, all of whom, we believe, are cordially invited. When the 10th of December arrives we hope it will find all as well prepared for the occasion as we are; for, taking Old Father Time by his venerable forelock, we have already engaged a lady to dance all night with us.

THE report of the Manchester (England) Society for promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Adult Deaf and Dumb, for the year 1872, is before us. The success of this society has been marked, and the committee attribute to its beneficial influence the fact that crime is almost unknown amongst its members—only one case having occurred during 1872. It now has six indigent deaf and dumb children under its care in the school at Old Trafford. But for the society these children would have been doomed to grow up in ignorance. A proposal has been made, and a subscription started for the erection of a house for the use of the society in Manchester. Mr. Downing, the chaplain, and his assistant, Mr. Woodbridge, are indefatigable in their labors to spread the influence of the society, and to them the greater part of its prosperity and usefulness is due.

MR. A. W. MANN, in a late number of THE SILENT WORLD, pointed out some of the reasons why so many deaf-mutes are given to begging. He urged that it was largely the fault of the public at large, who were ever too ready to encourage the deaf-mute to depend upon charity for support. This view of the subject has received confirmation in at least one instance in our own experience during the past summer. With our own fellow-canoist we had descended the Shenandoah River as far as Front Royal, Va., and we put up at that place to recruit and repair boats. On leaving the hotel where we were entertained, we asked for our bill. Before fixing the amount, the proprietor inquired whether we were accustomed to be charged at half rates at hotels where we stopped. We gave him an emphatic negative. "Well! I will give you half rates any way," wrote he. "No, you don't," said we, and paid the full price. On inquiry he stated that he thought deaf-mutes were charged only half rates everywhere on account of their misfortune, and it took us some time to make him understand why it should not be so, as he thought it perfectly right and proper.

PERSONAL.

WE stand corrected. Mr. Burnet's "wrestling with heifers," mentioned in THE SILENT WORLD for August 15, was a matter of business, not of amusement. As soon as the fractious bovine gave in the wrestling ceased. The heifer has comported herself as a model cow ever since.

PROFESSOR CHARLES BAKER, head-master of the Yorkshire Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, England, has sent a number of copies to the Smithsonian Institution for distribution, of a translation he has made of "Amman's Dissertatio de Loquela," a work of great merit, and which has never before been translated into English, although it was published in French, German, &c., and has long been acknowledged as the leading guide of the German schools for the deaf and dumb.—*Washington Chronicle*, Sept. 20.

THE marriage of Mr. Haynes, of this city, a deaf-mute, to Miss Bunker, of St. Airy, also deaf and dumb, took place a few days ago in the latter town, and the ceremony as described by an eye witness was of a peculiarly interesting character. Mr. Dudley, a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institute, accompanied Mr. Haynes on his trip for his bride. The minister read the usual marriage ceremony, which was interpreted by Mr. Dudley to the candidates. The responses were promptly made by signs and everything was done in order. On the journey to this city the bridal party came very near being drowned while crossing a swollen stream. The bridegroom, who never swam before, rescued his young bride by swimming and carrying her in his arms a distance of several yards to the shore. Miss Bunker is a daughter of Eng, one of the Siamese twins.—*Raleigh (N. C.) News*.

[Continued from fifth page.]

Twenty years ago, the deaf-mutes of the whole union by contributions among themselves erected an admirable monument to the memory of Thomas H. Gallaudet. They are now collecting funds for a memorial to Laurent Clerc. The fitting monument for Harvey P. Peet is the great institution he built up, and the many deaf-mutes who owe to his zeal, talent and labors their rescue from the doom of mental and moral degradation that had been centuries the lot of the deaf and dumb, and their elevation to the social, moral and intellectual standard of which this assembly is an illustration. So long as the New York Institution exists, and its success is thus worthily shown to the world, so long will the memory of Harvey P. Peet be held in high and affectionate remembrance.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

WANDERINGS IN NEW YORK.

AT NIAGARA.

THE retiring wave of the Rochester convention bore a pleasant company in the direction of the great Niagara Falls. Some were on their way to homes in the West, and some went specially to see the Falls. Among the former were Miss Mary Alderman, a teacher in the Michigan Institution; Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, the artist; Mr. and Mrs. McDougal, and Mr. Borden. The latter included the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet and wife; Rev. Mr. Berry, of Albany; Mr. Samuel A. Adams, of Baltimore; Mrs. Homer and daughter, of Boston; Miss Annie T. Isham, of Brooklyn; Miss Carrie B. Durbrow, of Elizabeth, N. J., and Mr. John A. Dunlap, of New York.

The pleasurable excitements of the convention had been sufficient to raise the spirits of the party without fatiguing, and, naturally, it was decidedly gay. So lively, indeed, were the young ladies that when the train separated at the Suspension Bridge, a gentleman from Hartford, Conn., who had purchased a copy of "Life in Danbury" with which "to charm away his melancholy," presented it to the young lady who sat next to him, remarking that he had no more need of it after seeing her.

On drawing near the Falls, the excitement ran high as "Niagara Cows" and "Niagara Cabbages" loomed into view, and occasional glimpses were caught of the cabbage-green waters of the river. Arriving, the party proceeded to "do" the place at once, as most had but a single afternoon to devote to it. They bravely paid twenty cents a head to gain their first glimpse of the overpowering plunge of waters, from Prospect Point, and with undiminished heroism they gave up twenty-five cents more for the privilege of going down stairs by the inclined railway. Fifty cents additional obtained for them access to Goat Island, and another half dollar opened to them the gates of the Queen's dominions, via the Suspension Bridge. Coming back by way of the Rail-road Suspension Bridge the party had a view of the Whirlpool Rapids, and then proceeding to the depot, were soon on their ways east and west. I was left behind alone to view the wonders of the place at my leisure. This I proceeded to do by first paying a visit to the Whirlpool where the *Maid of the Mist*, in escaping from the sheriff, was caught and whirled round and under till the pilot became crazy. Another half dollar was here wrung from my unwilling pocket. The next day I ascended every tower that could boast of a fraction of a view; descended more stairways than I could count; and took more baths in the Cave of the Winds, and kindred abodes of Æolus than was good for my rheumatism. The last time I went under the Falls was on the Canada side. I have special cause to remember it, and will make you my confidant, dear SILENT WORLD. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon

FLEECE.

Yes, I remember; I had been under the Falls, as I have said, and my best shoes were spoilt, and the legs of my store pants were terribly limp, and, as a consequence, I had lost that placid state of mind which is my strong point. After wringing those pants and dressing, I passed out through one of those curiosity shops which exist by fleecing visitors to the Falls. Pausing a moment to admire the many stone ornaments there collected, I was immediately beset by half a dozen fair blue noses. One tuned her voice to its sweetest pitch and addressed me, but I was deaf, and passed on. Rallying to the charge, she procured pencil and paper and was certain that I could "find something to please my sweetheart." "Sweetheart, indeed!" and I smiled in derision, and again passed on. Nothing daunted, she insisted that my sister would never forgive me if I returned from the Falls without some memento for her. I stopped. "Sister!—ah, yes! I have *three* as loving sisters as ever blessed a man, and an innumerable troop of nephews and nieces; and, what is more," I thought, "I have not seen them for a long time, and it will never do for 'Uncle John' to go home without a present of some kind for each and every one." I was captured; and then the morning hours wore slowly away, while I, too anxious to please, underwent the agony of trying to make a selection, being pestered the while by that woman, who was positive that everything in the shop was just what I wanted. I looked at her with supreme pity when she took up an agate pin and ear-rings, and said that they would just suit my mother, and did not crush her, as I might have done, by informing her that my mother had been dead five years.

At last in sheer desperation I tore myself away without having bought enough to go round my numerous circle of relatives. I left in such haste that I forgot to take several things I had paid for. I carried one parcel in my hand and when I arrived at the top of the stairs from the ferry, on the American side, I was met by a man who pointed to the parcel in my hand, and said something. From his action I concluded he wanted to know what I had and asked him if it was so. He nodded his head. "Well, now," I replied, "I think that's my business." He frowned and grew excited. "I am deaf; can't hear anything," answered I blandly. Out comes pencil, and he scrawls while I survey him. He is dressed in blue, with a cap trimmed with gold cord. Suddenly, light breaks in upon me; he is the custom house officer; I had forgotten that I had been buying things outside of the United States, and must pay duty thereon. I was confused—I asked his pardon—I was humble—I made a clean breast of everything, and he, somewhat mollified, made an inventory of my purchases and said I was to pay the moderate sum of \$7.50 as duty. I paid it, and wended my way to the hotel a wiser and a poorer man. I got away from those Falls as soon thereafter as possible, for my own fall had belittled them greatly, surpassing, in the sensations it created in my breast, a thousand Niagaras piled atop of each other.

I have said nothing of Niagara itself, and of my emotions upon beholding it, because I believe I discovered nothing new, and this "Father of Waters" is too well known to you to call for any description, and because my own sensations were too commonplace to interest any but myself. Yet it was grand to stand upon the piazza of the Cataract House, facing the rapids and watch the hurrying, skurrying water hastening on to the brink, and to reflect that thus had this immense volume rushed onward without interruption since the first dawn of creation—always the same, and yet not the same, for probably no one had before seen that identical water leap over the falls which then plunged into the abyss, before my eyes. With out interruption, I said; but that is not literally true, for we read, that in the spring of 1833 or thereabout, when the ice in the river

and lakes broke up, it blocked the entrance from Lake Erie, and Niagara's thunder ceased for a day. What a day was that! What a day was the next, when the waters came plunging onward again!

ON THE WAY TO MEXICO.

After spending two whole days at the Falls, I departed for Albany. At Rochester I again fell in with Dr. Gallaudet and wife and Misses Isham and Durbrow. They being socially inclined, tempted me to accompany them to Mexico, the deaf-mute capital of the state of New York, and I, being weak, did yield, like another Adam. But unlike the yielding of our revered ancestor, mine brought nothing but unalloyed pleasure.

On our way through limitless clusters of salt sheds, meadows of velvet green, and past sheeny lakes, we had to change cars at Pultaski, and there we were met by Mr. Matthewson, and his estimable lady, both deaf-mutes, and while proceeding to the other depot we inspected his flouring mills, and we were gratified at the evidences of contentment and prosperity which his industry has created. While waiting for the train the girls decked the Doctor with sprigs of myrtle, until he looked so gay that he trembled lest the omnipresent eye of his bishop should chance to light upon him and call him to account for his unseemly levity. There, too, we met a poor blind old man who was peddling some specimens of his own poetical composition. We feared lest he should regard us as rival peddlers in misfortune, and, as we had laid business aside for the summer, we bought several copies of his poems. For the remainder of the trip to Mexico I was abstracted and thoughtful. It had occurred to me that deaf-mute peddlers might take a hint from this blind man. They might sell their own compositions and thus reap a richer harvest of charity money; for who could resist their original and unique way of using the English language. They may have this suggestion for nothing; for I always had a desire to aid those poor fellows in their forlorn occupation.

AT THE CAPITAL.

My abstraction was dispelled by our arrival at Mexico. We were hospitably greeted by Mr. H. C. Rider, the president of the Empire State Association of Deaf-mutes, and editor of *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, and his amiable wife. We felt at home right away, for then and ever during our stay, the unaffected cordiality of our host and hostess made us believe that we were really welcome. Our appetites, which had been wandering about somewhere in the State of New York, had arrived at Mexico before us, and we were able to do ample justice to the bountiful fare under which the table complained.

Mexico is a quiet country village, very pretty, situated not far from Lake Ontario and fanned by its cooling breezes. It is the residence of some sixty or seventy deaf-mutes, if we remember rightly, and during the single evening of our stay, the cozy parlors of Mr. Rider were well filled with as intelligent a company of deaf-mutes as it has been our good fortune to meet anywhere. Among them were Mrs. Grace Chandler, at whose handsome residence the young ladies of our party were lodged and entertained, Miss Avery, a graduate of Hartford, Mr. Alphonso Johnson, of the New York Institution, and his sprightly lady, and others too numerous to record but not to recall. There were also some hearing friends present, and so facile were they with the use of our language that I, for some time, mistook them for deaf-mutes.

THE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

The next morning, we inspected the memorial window placed in the chancel of Grace Church in honor of John W. Chandler, a deaf-mute widely known and loved in Mexico. It is a beautiful work of art, and well commemorates the virtues for which the young man was noted and nobly testifies to the love and honor with which

his memory is cherished by his friends. The church itself is a pretty piece of architecture and worthy of a larger town, if one could be found in any way worthier than this snug little place. We had, the evening previous, been shown over the village by Mrs. Gallaudet, who had spent some time in it before, and knew all about it, and all that now remained for us to do was to inspect the office of *The Independent and Deaf-Mutes' Journal*. We found it an orderly and well appointed office and had the pleasure of meeting the genial publisher, Mr. Humphries.

On leaving Mexico, which we did with regret, we thought that the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Rider, and their handsome and happy children and the intelligence and obvious happiness of all the deaf-mutes of this little community were as conclusive evidence as one could desire that President Gallaudet erred in saying that the influence of the intercourse of the deaf and dumb with each other is degrading and that the intermarriage of deaf-mutes ought to be discouraged. We shall not hereafter hold his opinions on these points of much weight until he has been to Mexico and studied life there.

A BAPTISM.

Our transit from the New World to the Old was accomplished in a short time, for within two hours after the start we paced the depot platform in Rome and got up an appetite for a dinner of pork and beans in Utica, and took tea in Troy. After tea we attended religious services in the neat little chapel in which the Rev. Mr. Berry, of Albany, holds services for deaf-mutes once a fortnight. A young deaf-mute girl was baptized that evening, and the ceremony was quite interesting. Dr. Gallaudet assisted at these services.

DOWN THE RHINE OF AMERICA.

The next day we started down the Hudson by the day line of steamers, our party being augmented by the addition of Miss Satie C. Howard, lately a teacher in the Michigan Institution, and Mr. John A. Dunlap, of New York. The trip was delightful, as every one knows it ought to be. Owing to an accident to the machinery, the steamboat was delayed considerably and did not arrive in New York till near ten o'clock at night. It was naught to the young people however; they conducted themselves gaily, whiling away the tedious hours with jest and whist, at which latter game, *entre nous*, dear SILENT WORLD, certain young ladies played upon me in a way I despise.

Owing to the keenness of the September air, the dinner on board this boat was to us the grand episode of the day, and it was agreed that each should pay his own bill, and we would see who had the sharpest appetite. The result was contrary to all expectations, for the most delicate looking lady carried off the largest bill in triumph, and he who weighed the most humbly paid the smallest fee.

The party was broken up immediately on its arrival in New York, and I felt rather dejected as I wended my way to a hotel all alone.

"OH! WHEN WILL THAT SHIP COME?"

I lingered in New York for some days waiting for the arrival of the Cunard Steamship *Parthia* which bore back to our shores President Gallaudet, his family, and a number of friends from a year's sojourn in foreign parts. It was a listless occupation waiting for a ship that might arrive any hour, or not for a week, and I was compelled to keep pretty close to my hotel to receive the first intelligence of its appearance, and I could find nothing better to do than to study the "jams" in Broadway and make flying calls on such friends as I could find.

Finally the welcome telegram, notifying me that the ship I was waiting for had been sighted off Sandy Hook, was placed in my hands and I was soon at the dock.

When the noble vessel drew near, it was an interesting sight to see its decks packed with people eagerly returning to their native land, and with emigrants, who had perhaps forever left the homes of their childhood in the Old World, to build up new ones here in the youthful West, all frantically waving handkerchiefs and hats, and earnestly striving to catch a glimpse of some loved face among the throng on the dock. I was able, by the far-reaching language of signs, to hail friends aboard and carry on a conversation with the utmost ease during the long half hour in which the unwieldy mass was being warped to her dock, while anxious persons around could do nothing but mutely wave handkerchiefs and throw kisses. Our language is not without its advantages, I thought, and have thought more than once, under circumstances very much similar. The members of the party were all well, and expressed themselves as much pleased with their stay in Europe and doubly so to get back home again. They had rough weather, but otherwise the voyage was enjoyable. I understand they all had a right royal welcome at the house of Mr. Wallace Gallaudet in Brooklyn.

The next day I left New York and my wanderings, with this letter, come to an end.

H.

Connecticut, Sept. 13, 1873.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE results of the examination this year, though not such as we had reason to expect, are at least no worse than they were last fall. Twelve new students have arrived up to the present time, all of whom, with a single exception, go into the Preparatory classes. Only one of the new-comers had his hopes of joining the Freshman Class realized, and even he is conditioned in two of his studies.

The young men who have come here this fall, are, we presume, fair specimens of the graduates who are annually sent forth from the various institutions. Many of them, perhaps, a majority, are from institutions in which high classes have not as yet been formed; and for such the Preparatory Department was established. It is no disgrace to themselves and casts no reflection upon the institutions which they represent that they have to begin at the bottom of the ladder.

We wish we could say as much in the case of those who, after having gone through the high classes of what are considered our best institutions, and having graduated with a flourish of trumpets, come here confident of obtaining an easy admission to the College Department, and fail. To what cause shall we assign the results of last year and the present, which have disappointed alike students, their friends, and the friends of the college? It cannot be on account of the incapacity of the students themselves, for the same young men who last year took their places among the Advanced Preparatories now make up a Freshman Class of rare promise.

It is, we fear, becoming too common for the principals of institutions and teachers of high classes to select such books as will look well in printed catalogues, rather than those which the pupils need. Or, perhaps with the best of intentions, they try to make them do too much, and so they skim along the surface of what they study, going over a great deal of ground but doing nothing thoroughly. Arithmetic is neglected for the higher sounding Algebra and Geometry. Rhetoric is studied at the cost of English Grammar. Chemistry has the preference over Natural Philosophy and Physical Geography. All of these studies are important, but they should never be taken up before the pupil has mastered the *elementary* branches. It is indispensable to a candidate for the Freshman Class that he should know something of Latin, but this is no reason why he should know nothing of common fractions. Better is it that the pupil

should *study* his algebra than *read* it all. In the former case he might get into the Freshman Class with certain conditions, and thus have a chance to show of what stuff he is made, but in the latter he would have to begin again at the beginning, and the time spent in the High Class would be wholly thrown away.

It was our intention to give the names of the members of the the Freshman and Preparatory classes, and of those students who prefer the Selected Course, but as those departments are not yet fully made up, we have concluded to defer it till our next number.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET arrived in Washington Thursday evening, September 18.

REID, '72, has been appointed teacher in the Nebraska Institution. He has our congratulations.

ROGERS, '73, has, it is said, been appointed a teacher in the California Institution. That settles the case of '73.

A MAN was busy all day Tuesday, Sept. 23 and half of the next, cutting the motto of '73, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. The work was very neatly done.

THE ivy which '73 planted near the steps leading to the chapel and college dining-room, and which they afterwards abandoned for a better location, is doing wonderfully well.

GREENER, '77, is a friend, indeed. Every few weeks during vacation he has made glad our editorial heart with a plump letter of institution news, and now he has brought us ten subscribers. If every one would do half as well, we could afford to get a new suit of clothes.

NEW YORK has lost her photographer. Mr. Ranald Douglas arrived in Washington, on the morning of September 21, camera in hand.

GEORGE, '76, was the first arrival. He reached Washington Wednesday evening, Sept. 17, and immediately manifested a deep interest in the study of Algebra.

MR. JOSEPH C. GORDON, of Monmouth College, Illinois, and for four years past a teacher in the Indiana Institution for the deaf and dumb, has been appointed a professor in the College and entered upon his duties. He is acknowledged to be an able teacher and his addition to the faculty of the College is regarded as a valuable one.

THE Reading Club held its first regular meeting on Friday, September 23. Thirty-nine students joined, and more will do so. The following officers were elected for the ensuing three months: *President*, Edward Stretch, '74; *Vice-President*, Edward L. Chapin, '74; *Secretary*, L. D. Wait, '77; *Treasurer*, J. E. Crane, '77; *Librarian*, W. G. Jones, '76; *Assistant Librarian*, L. L. James, '77. A committee was appointed to prepare a list of papers and magazines, and the meeting adjourned.

FRESHMAN (surveying, with a puzzled expression the motto of '72.) "*Ne cede malis*—what does that mean, I wonder? *N-e-c-e-d-e-m-a-l-i-s*! Ah, I have it! *With malice toward none*. How very plain! Curious I did not think of it before."

BELLER, '72, has met with a misfortune. The house in which he boards was broken open long since during the landlady's absence, and among other things abstracted was Beller's entire wardrobe. Every thing was taken except some old cast-off clothing of no value.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

AMERICAN ASYLUM.

Two of our teachers, Misses M. E. Haskell and Mabel M. Bartlett, will not return this term, on account of their health. We hope a year's vacation will so restore and strengthen them that they will be able to take up the good work once more. Their places will be supplied by Misses G. A. Emerson, and N. A. Wing, both from our High Class of last year, both of advanced standing and every way worthy the trusts given them.

The recent addition, repairs, and improvements have so contributed to space and comfort that we can care for more pupils than ever were here and in a better manner than before.

At the Methodist camp-meeting held at Plainville, on one of the most crowded days, Sunday, Aug. 24th, two deaf-mutes were talking together by signs in an animated manner, when a policeman, wishing to have his little joke, came nearly up to them and in a loud voice cried "You must not talk so loud. You disturb the meeting." The bystanders laughed and the mutes talked on in blissful ignorance. W. L. B.

Hartford Conn., Aug. 26th.

NEW YORK.

OUR school reopened two weeks ago. The pupils did not return as punctually as they should, but our classes are now nearly filled, and about forty new pupils have already come.

Your readers have been told, I think, that five of our teachers resigned at the close of last term. No new teachers have yet been appointed, except Mr. Courter, whose appointment last spring has already been noticed. As we still have about twenty-five teachers, and the principal proposes to make each class consist of twenty pupils, we shall hardly need any additional teachers at present.

Prof. Cooke still conducts the studies of the High Class, and your correspondent finds that his class, gradually ascending in the scale with their years, has now become the first class. It is a curious illustration of the mutations in such an institution that there are now in this class only six of those who belonged to it four or five years ago; the other fourteen being from other classes, chiefly from the first class of last year.

Mr. A. P. Knight, returning from his vacation, brought with him a *help meet*, recently a pupil by the name of Emma E. Kentfield, a pretty and amiable young lady of seventeen. It is curious that all of our teachers who have been married for many years have married deaf-mutes or semi-mutes.

One of my pupils wrote that she had seen a "little stranger" in the house of Prof. Jenkins, but did not know her first name.

We are surprised to hear how many of our female pupils or graduates have rushed into matrimony during the past summer.

I had prepared a list of nearly a dozen who are reported as married, some to deaf-mute and some to hearing partners, but suspecting that in some cases at least, the reports had no better foundation than "deaf-mute gossip," I omit the list until authentic information comes to verify it.

Two new speaking teachers have just been appointed; Edward B. Nelson of Aurora, N. Y., who has a deaf-mute brother; P. W. Downing, who has been a teacher in England.

The grading and macadamizing of Tenth Avenue, we are glad to see, has been finished in this vicinity, though we see the workmen and their carts still going higher up. But the promised railroad has not been built, and may not be for a year or two yet. However the Eighth Avenue Railroad has been recently extended to within about a mile of us, which makes our access to the city easier.

The work of preparing the Mansion House for the Juvenile Department is going on. A high fence has been built enclosing the building and a pretty large space for a play ground; and the repairs and alterations of the interior are being prosecuted with diligence. It is understood that only the little boys under twelve will be placed in this department, the object being partly to gain room, and partly to separate the little boys from the big ones, who are too apt to tyrannize over them. Besides the little boys need a different regimen from that which is best for the big ones. It seems to be assumed that the big girls will be kind to the little girls, as the latter will stay in the buildings with the former.

Last week we had the pleasure of a brief visit from Thomas L. Brown of the Michigan Institution, son of Thomas Brown of New Hampshire, both widely known and highly esteemed among the deaf and dumb.

One of our graduates, J. R. Smith, being without any known parents or relatives, went into the country when his term was completed, at the invitation of a school mate, asking work on a farm. A day or two since he returned in a somewhat emaciated and very tattered condition, saying he had walked all the way from Rochester, sleeping in barns and living on crusts! Having some disagreement with the man for whom he was working, perhaps owing to the unskillfulness in farm work, (having lived all his life in this city or at the institution) and not knowing how to get another place, he had turned back to the only home he had ever known. He was promptly relieved, furnished by teachers and pupils with a suit of clothes, and a supply of money, and put in his old place in the shoe-shop till some other place can be found for him.

J. R. B.

New York, Sept. 17.

ONTARIO.

THIS Institution is still enjoying a high state of prosperity. On the 3rd of September it opened with 134 pupils and about forty more are expected during the term.

The dining hall is being enlarged and will seat about 225 persons comfortably. Some other improvements are also in progress which will add much to our comfort and convenience.

During last vacation, on the 25th of June, Prof. Coleman was made the happy father of a little girl. On the 3rd of July Mr. James McCoy and Miss Minnie Rumley were made man and wife at the residence of the bride's uncle. They live in Belleville near their alma-mater.

Mr. Duncan J. McKillop, the most advanced pupil, has received an appointment as an assistant teacher here. We congratulate him on his promotion and have no doubt that he will prove himself a valuable addition to one corps of teachers.

Nearly all the officers and teachers were scattered all over the continent, seeking health and strength during vacation. Dr. Palmer, the popular principal, went into camp near the shore of Lake Ontario about twenty miles from Belleville for eight days and enjoyed fine fishing.

He, as well as Professors McGann and Watson and our Junior Wallbridge spent most of the vacation here. Prof. Coleman spent his holidays at his old home in Concord, North Carolina. Mrs. Terrill visited friends in Ontario, while your correspondent went via Hartford to his home in Maine and did some fancy shooting there. Mr. Christie, the steward, went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick while Mrs. Keegan, the matron and Mrs. Thompson, the housekeeper, visited friends, in the province. All have returned and resumed their work with renewed energy and zeal.

S. T. G.

OREGON.

Perhaps a few brief items from this Institution would not be uninteresting to many of your readers.

Rev. P. S. Knight, who has been sick with the epizootic for the past two weeks is rapidly recovering his usual health. He has been appointed to teach my older pupils in composition and the use of language. The "*Pacific*" newspaper of San Francisco says: Friday evening a sermon was preached by Rev. P. S. Knight on Prayer for the Holy Ghost. Added to a fine command of rich thought expressed in lucid and picturesque style, Bro. Knight's manner is singularly attractive by the gracefulness and force of gesture which he has secured by instructing a Bible Class of deaf-mutes in the sign language.

On Monday we are going to move to the pleasant and commodious building lately vacated by the Sisters, and leased by our Directors, for the use of the Institution. The school will begin its next term on the 1st of September. Mrs. Alice B. Gray was chosen as Matron. We think this will be found much more convenient for both pupils and teachers than to have the school located as far away from the center of the city as formerly. The matron has a deaf-mute son named Frank P. Bigelow who attends the Hartford Asylum.

The Board elected Mrs. Cora W. Smith as teacher. She will enter upon her duties with zeal this fall.

W. S. SMITH.

Salem, Aug. 18th.

MINNESOTA.

For the following extracts we are indebted to *The Faribault Republican* of Sept. 17.

With the commencement of the present school year the new south wing of the State Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, which has been for three years in course of construction, was opened for the accommodation of the pupils. This will effect a great and much needed improvement in their situation, besides enabling the State to receive a considerable number of this unfortunate class of youth who have been heretofore debarred from entering in consequence of the lack of accommodations.

The new building is of the same dimensions as the north wing, and rises four stories above the basement, inclusive of the attic. It is built of our beautiful Faribault blue limestone, with cut stone trimmings of the same material.

The dormitories are well ventilated, and provided with closets for clothing. Single bedsteads are provided, and it is to be hoped that the necessity may not again arise of crowding two pupils into beds designed only for one, as was the case in the limited quarters of the other building. The south wing is devoted entirely to the use of the boys of the institution. As in the other wing, pure water is plentifully supplied on every floor, the height of the spring forcing it to the level of the first three stories, while the upper two are supplied by a force pump. Water, both hot and cold, is supplied to the boys' bath room, which is fitted with cast-iron bathing tubs, five in number, painted white.

A wooden gallery connects the two wings, so constructed that it can be raised when it comes necessary to put in the foundation of the central building.

In the north wing extensive changes have been made, amounting to an expense of about \$2,000. The boys' bath room has been taken out, and that of the girls enlarged. The dining room has been enlarged and now occupies the entire width of the building. The old chapel is to be used for a sitting and study room for the deaf and dumb girls. All the cooking will be done in this wing, and the culinary facilities have been increased by the addition of one of Warren & Fuller's extensive hotel ranges.

The institution is to be lighted with gas furnished by the Faribault Gas Light Co., and the fixtures have all been attached in readiness for operation.

The additions to the corps of teachers consist of Mr. D. H. Carroll, a graduate of Washington College, who is an excellent linguist, and Miss Ella Westgate, of Quincy, Ill.; also as Musical Instructor, Prof. Paul B. Klausch, a graduate of the Wisconsin Institute. To those who remember the Asylum as it was six years ago, when located in the old wooden shell at the corner of Main and Front sts., the contrast between the situation then and now is most gratifying, and vividly suggestive of the rapid material progress exhibited by our entire state.